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ORIGINAL.

ON COMMERCE.

IT is a common complaint that those who undertake to reprehend the follies of the age, are, for the most part, more interested in displaying the splendor of their own abilities, in inveighing against the persons of men, and in employing those trivial errors, which the scrutinizing eye of private enmity may have discovered in their conduct, as instruments of vengeance for real or pretended injuries, than in exciting a proper horror for the principles of evil, and instilling into the minds of their hearers that sacred veneration, which the votaries of wisdom will never hesitate to pay at the shrine of virtue.

At a time when moral discourses are so frequent, when morality is exhibited in every point of view, when millions of volumes on the duties of men, dispersed throughout the world, are destined like the *Dii penitiales* of the ancients, to obtain a place in every private family, when the school-boy, scarcely initiated into the mysteries of science, assumes the character of moralist, when the pastors of every religious denomination, unite, in strains of rational or enthusiastic eloquence, to exhibit the deformity of vice, and the superior attraction of heaven-born virtue; an inattentive observer might erroneously suppose, that the first, banished from society, existed only in gaols and houses of correction, while the latter received the voluntary homage of an admiring world. The sophist, after all his attempts at reformation have been defeated, may sit down, melancholy and sullen, and exclaim, that nature has implanted in the

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mind of man, an innate propensity to evil—Let him prove his assertions, and what motive will remain for man, conscious that his efforts will be vain, to think or act with rectitude? I would then insist, with the ancient sect of the Manicheans, that the soul of man was created by the prince of darkness, nor believe that the bounteous Author of Universal Nature, had formed his creatures to be wretched. The truth is, that when the moralist declaims against the crimes of men, he forgets that the majority of those to whom his precepts are addressed, have passions, which they have never been taught habitually to govern, an intellect, not sufficiently cultivated to understand the metaphysical notions, or keep pace with the sublime doctrines of the ingenious theorist, and minds too actively employed in favorite pursuits, to attend to the dull monitory of the frigid moralizer, and it would not be easy to determine which received the most instruction, he who refused to be present at a moral discourse, or he who yielded to the allurements of Morpheus during the time it was delivered. But to whatever may be owing the failure of success in the moralist of the present day, whether to want of animation in the speaker, or depravity of heart in the hearer, it is a fact too well known to be contested, that vices are common as ever, not only to the whole community in general, but there are also crimes, peculiar to the several occupations of men, and to the different grades established in society. The origin of the several trades and professions, was owing to the real or artificial wants of man—his real wants were few and easily supplied, his artificial ones were many, and created by his vices. The ebullition of the vengeful passions, and the fraud or violence of man against his neighbor, made the guilty have recourse to a lawyer, to screen him from a well-earned punishment, by the quirks and quibbles incident to his profession—the herald of a murder, was the messenger of joy to a member of the bar,—and civil contention, was more grateful to his eye, than the sight of his native shore to the love-sick sailor, or of water to the weary pilgrim,

on his way to Mecca. Excess in the indulgence of the sensual appetite, and the luxury of the feast, first introduced the physician into notice, and made his assistance necessary to prevent a too early exit to the world of spirits—to the son of Esculapius, the groans of the sick, were more enchanting than the mingled harmony of the Doric Reed, with the magic strains of the Lesbian Lyre. The love of lucre, and that insatiable thirst for gain, which, when once in entire possession of the mind, transforms the man into a something worse than brute, hath added to the catalogue of crimes in the same proportion that it hath increased, and still increases the wants of men. This motley passion first triumphed over the love of country, over that patriotic sentiment implanted by nature in the human breast, induced man to relinquish his native shores, to relinquish the conversation of his friends and relations, and confide himself to the conflicting billows of a troubled ocean; induced him to abandon his mossy cottage where with peace he dwelt, where he was in possession of every blessing reason could desire or nature could bestow; in possession of humility, contentment and innocence; in possession of health, a gem divine, more precious than radiant pearl, more valuable than the united stores of Ormus and of Ind, to run in pursuit of a phantom never to be realized, of an *ignis fatuus* that but lured to destruction. If the commercial intercourse between nations has occasioned a reciprocal communication of the arts, it has also occasioned a mutual exchange of vices and absurdities; if it has increased the knowledge of mankind—it has also let the virtuous know, that men were, by their actions more nearly related to the infernals, than charity had before allowed them to imagine; if it introduced into Rome the knowledge and the sciences of Greece, that knowledg and those sciences were confined to a few, whilst the corruption and licentiousness of the Grecians spread through the whole extent of Italy, Rome became the focus where the crimes of all nations were united, and the imperial mistress of the world condescended to bow to their influence. She had formerly afforded many

instances of the sublimest virtues, but it was reserved for her also to exhibit in the person of Nero the most perfect model of depravity. The names of the Tyrean merchants who rivaled in wealth and splendor the monarchs of the east, have been consigned to merited oblivion, while Cincinnatus is remembered with admiration by the libertine and with applause by the virtuous. The thirst of gain wafted the Spaniard to the shores of America, and nine millions of the human race, who were before in possession of every necessary art, of a mild government, and a peaceful religion, and what at this time would be truly astonishing, contented in the midst of gold, were devoted to torments and destruction, by a band of robbers. It is this conveys the Englishman to India, and transforms to a desert, the most delightful portion of the globe, where, if gold were wanting, Nature had been prodigal of every blessing. That the measure of his iniquity might be full, it was this induced the merchant at once to brave celestial vengeance, and tear the harmless African from his bleeding country, to devote him to worse than death, slavery and oppression. It is this, that not yet satiated, still threatens new scenes of slaughter to the human race, and the commercial town of Orleans, that has been called, from its situation, the Constantinople of America, may, like that kindred city, be in succeeding ages, the source of contention between rival powers, send many a soul indignant to the Stygian shades, and tinge Mississippi's waves with the blood of many a hardy veteran. And you, my female readers, you or your fair descendants, may be exposed to the fury of the Russian soldier, in the very streets of Lexington. Listen with trembling dread to the roar of cannon, and hear the groans of expiring mortals, wafted to your ears on the wings of every gale; and on that fatal day, let them recollect that the cruel avarice of unfeeling man brought the carnage to their doors. It was our connection with Britain for commercial purposes, that lately placed us on the brink of ruin—had almost polluted the altars of liberty with the crimes of despotism, and made this world one

extensive theatre of oppression, from Terra del Fuego, to where the Russian shivers on Kamtschatka's frigid shore. But it would be a superfluous as well as endless task, to enumerate all the evils brought upon mankind by the Mercantile profession. It is time the philosophic enquirer should investigate the cause of the disease, and that an enlightened age should point out a remedy adequate to its removal.

[To be continued.]

OROMASIS,

A DIALOGUE.

Names of the Persons—*OROMASIS, ARIMANE.*

SCENE—The Beginning of the World.

Oromasis. AT last, I have vanquished thee! I take in spite of thee, full possession of Matter, and I am going to create a world.

Arimane. Thou hast vanquished, but not destroyed me, nor canst thou do it; I am immortal as well as thyself; I shall be thy eternal foe. Dispose of the *Matter*, of which thou canst not banish me; create thy world.

Oro. Separate from Chaos, come forth, you *Ethereal Flame*, form yourself into *Globes*, into myriads of *Suns*, turn each upon your axis; go and take that place which shall be determined to you by the equilibrium of your respective attractions.

You, *Matter* of less perfectability; *Air: Water: Earth: Elements*, which take those different forms, from your being more or less impregnated with heat; you must go and form other globes, less considerable, less brilliant, more multiplied, more inhabitable; Be you distributed amongst those *Suns* which will give you a regular motion, and light.

Let the principal amongst you, explore their vast circle around its regulating Sun, follow him like friends

more than like slaves.—You have a power, which you may display, according to your weight, to almost infinite distances. Let your course, through that luminous ocean, determined by the impulsion which your Sun will give you, be regulated by its attraction, by yours, by that which the Planets, and you, shall exert upon each other, and upon itself.

Let the smaller globes, serving as satellites to the others, re-acting upon, but dragged after them, more remarkable for them than even the suns of another celestial family, form perpetual knots, by rolling at the same time upon their own axis, around their sun, and around their principle planet.

Army of the heavens, march!

Ari. This is all mechanical, my inventive mind has no hold of it: go on, Oromasis.

Oro. Yes, planets, let that ærial fluid, let those vapours which surround you, breaking, or centering the beams of the sun, bring upon your plains and your valleys a growing heat, whilst your mountains and your poles everlasting reservoirs of ice, which the equilibrium and obliquity of your ecliptic, shall constantly melt and renew, shall entertain the course of rivers, and nourish those oceans, from which new vapours shall arise, for the support of innumerable springs; let those vapours be condensed by the cool of the morning into salutary dews, and when it shall be useful, let a rapid wind precipitate them into abundant rains.

Ari. Let them form likewise the cold and uncomfortable snow, the devastating hail, the dangerous thunder.

Oro. I create you, plants, in your variegated species, in your different beauties, in your peaceful enjoyments. By you will *animation* begin. I give you the property of developing and nourishing yourselves. I endow you with the happiness of *re-production*. I give you the first spark of the creating fire, you shall know *Love*. The young poppy, not able at first to bear without bending, the weight of its light bud, as soon as a generating flame shall run into its *fibres*, shall erect towards the

heavens, its wide expanded blossom, brilliant with pride and voluptuousness, ready to give way to its crowned fruit, which will dart its productive seeds afar. Breathe ye blooming and perfumed rose, rich and odoriferous pink, superb tulip, noble lily, sweet jessamine; come forth, thou bashful violet, and even thou, simple daisy; live and love, let zephyrs caress you, be alimented by the rain; let the sun fortify and colour you.

Ari. Amongst you will grow the most dangerous poisons.

Oro. They will not hurt one another. Those venomous plants shall grow, and enjoy themselves like the others. How dost thou know, but it may be possible for me to give them as many useful properties, as thou canst give them dangerous ones? (*Continuing his work*)

Appear, ye Animals. You shall have, above the plants, memory, judgment, reflection, understanding and work, each according to your wants. Your affections shall be more exquisite and more moral; they shall not be always confined to sensual pleasures; you shall want to please, and shall succeed—Several amongst you shall form families. Almost all your females, and part of your males shall know the delight of parental love;—This sentiment, so delightful, is what induces me, father and master of the world, to animate ye all.

Ari. The gentlest amongst them shall be at war with thy plants; and with their merciless teeth, will cut, tear up and devour them. Most of them shall destroy one another.

Oro. Must they not finish!—And I thank thy cruelty for having supplied me with the means of giving birth to a greater number of living beings, upon such small and circumscribed Matter.

(*To be continued.*)

A Scholar wanting money, sold his books, and wrote to his father, "Rejoice with me, for now my books support me."

SELECTIONS.

HISTORY OF MR. ALLEN.

(Continued from page 14.)

“ Good heavens ! (continued he) by what method
 “ can I relieve these poor wretches ? Three days
 “ without bread, and I have fared sumptuously every
 “ day ! I must think of some way to relieve the dis-
 “ tress of this unhappy woman without wounding her
 “ delicacy. She may be, possibly, a person of family,
 “ and reduced from affluence to struggle with the mis-
 “ eries of poverty : something must be done, and soon.”

Whilst the heart of this benevolent man was over-
 flowing with humanity chance gave him that day an
 opportunity of seeing the whole miserable family,
 which had so much engaged his pity.

He was just going to a coffee-house, when on the stair
 case, he met the melancholy groupe, the first object which
 presented itself, was a most amiable young woman, in
 very ordinary apparel, pale and emaciated. On her
 languid cheek a tear was stealing down, whilst her eyes
 were cast on a little miserable babe seemingly almost ex-
 piring, which she held in her arms, and which she beheld
 with unutterable woe. A little prating girl, of three
 years old, was hanging on her apron ; and two fine boys
 of four and five brought up the rear ; one with a pitch-
 er of water, the other with a small loaf of bread.

Mr. Allen, who ever looked on misery with a kind of
 sacred pity, stood back and gave this poor woman, with
 her little ragged retinue, the wall to pass by, with as
 much deference and respect, as if she had been the first
 ditches in the land.

A fine gown or petticoat, which so attracts the civi-
 lity of the world, and has a much greater influence
 over the minds of most people than is imagined, had a
 very contrary effect on this good man, as the very shab-
 by garments of these poor people claimed his respect,
 instead of contempt ; for he plainly saw they were the
 remains of better days, and could not help reflecting

what that distress must be which brought them to this extreme of wretchedness. His aged eyes felt the sacred drops of pity ; and during his short walk, he was wholly absorbed in various schemes of providing for the speedy relief of the poor sufferers. He once thought of enclosing a bank-bill, and sending it by the penny post ; but as he then knew not her name, that scheme he could not pursue till he made some enquiry how to direct to her ; but the secret hand of providence soon pointed out a surer way ; for as Mr. Allen was returning to his apartment that very day, he met in the passage the eldest little boy, ragged as a colt, but the very perfection itself of beauty and innocence. He held in one hand an old silver spoon, in the other a bird cage, in which was a most beautiful Virginia nightingale.

“ Where, my pretty boy, (said the compassionate man) are you going ?”

“ Oh, sir, (replied the sweet fellow, with the cheerful innocence of that engaging age) I must help my poor mamma if I can : I know my way into the next street, and I am going to carry this cage to the bird-shop. This bird sings sweetly : What a pity to sell him ! But, perhaps, I shall get a little money for this spoon, if not for the bird ; we have nothing else left now to part with ; and poor little Fanny is just dying : What can we do, Sir, for a little money ? For when she dies, my mamma says she must have a coffin. What is a coffin ?”

Mr. Allen was so extremely affected with the distress and simplicity of this lovely boy, that he could not help bursting into tears. He took the child into his dining room, and enclosing a bank-bill for twenty pounds in a piece of paper, bade him carry it up to his mother, and not sell her favorite bird, and that he would see her the next day to enquire of her if he could be of any service to her.

The little boy ran with his message to his mother, whose surprise, it must be imagined, was great. As to

Mr. Allen, he retired to rest, and enjoyed that sweet repose which never fails to attend the slumbers of the good.

As this humane gentleman felt himself uncommonly affected with the sufferings of this little distressed family, he was the next day uneasy till the hour arrived when he intended calling on them. He tapped gently at the door, which was opened by a little smiling girl.

It is impossible for any pen but a Fielding's to describe the scene of misery which presented itself. The wretched mother sat weeping over her dead infant, vainly fancying it still had life, and was not gone forever!—The other children were crying of hunger and cold, the season being extremely severe; and they had not the least spark of fire in the apartment, in which was every mark of the most bitter distress.

The poor woman was surprised at the appearance of a stranger, and looking up, with her face covered with tears, and with an air of dignity which appeared in the midst of this scene of wretchedness, she attempted to rise; but Mr. Allen prevented her, begging her not to be disturbed by his presence.

"I saw madam, your little boy yesterday, and by him I found that ———"

"I am glad, sir, (interrupting him) of an opportunity of returning you the bank-bill you sent by my child. Here it is ——— unbroken I assure you ———"

"I cannot accept of that which will never be in my power to repay. I am, it is true, under the hard hand of poverty ——— but indeed, Sir, I neither can nor will accept this (again offering the bill) on any consideration. When this poor babe, who expired this morning, is laid in the earth (continued she, bursting into tears) these hands will provide a support for my little ones then left; it is for their distress alone, that my heart bleeds, when they are crying around me for bread.—But as to your bounty, Sir, I must insist on returning it."

Mr. Allen who was astonished at these noble senti-

ments, with such a picture of real distress on all sides, most vehemently insisted on the acceptance of what he called a trifle.

"I feel (said he) for the sufferings of these little ones; I have been myself a parent.

"I am, madam, most deeply affected with your sorrows: my tears you see, will flow—an old man's tears—but what of that!—they are tears of sincerity. Once more, let me beg your acceptance, of what you stand in such extreme need."

His persuasions, however, were in vain, and the poor woman continued inflexible in her refusal of his generous offer. She acknowledged, in the warmest terms her gratitude, and begged him to sit down.

The little children now gathered round his knees, whom he kissed by turns, took them in his arms, and treated them with cakes and sweet-meats, which he had brought in his pockets for that purpose. He felt himself uncommonly affected whilst the little innocents, who were now playing around him in the highest spirits (for with children of that age)

"The tear's forgot as soon as shed!"

and were asking him many little questions with the beautiful simplicity of their early years.

"Tell me, madam, (said Mr. Allen, wiping the tears which flowed down his aged cheek) what I can do to serve you. Have you any parents—any friend to whom I shall apply for your relief?"

"I have none, (she replied, weeping) no parent; no friends! I am a stranger in this land! helpless! and have no one to apply to for relief. I wish I knew where to dispose of this manuscript (reaching her hand to a bundle of papers which lay on an old chair by her bed side.) If I could find a bookseller to purchase this little work, I should then have the means of procuring bread for these poor babes. I have offered it to one or two of that profession, but have met with inconceivable difficulties in the disposal of it, as one bookseller told me, he never published a work without a name—and another——."

“ Pray (interrupted Mr. Allen) when did you write it? Is it a novel? I have no great opinion of modern novels.”

“ It is not a novel, Sir—It is a miscellaneous collection; but they are not of my writing—Chance brought the work to my hands by a very odd accident. As I was one day rummaging an old worm eaten chest, I saw in one corner of my wretched apartment, a large bundle of papers, but so defaced by mildew and damps, that I could hardly make out the contents.

“ I have, however, with much difficulty, every evening, when my children were asleep, set about transcribing the work; as a thought occurred to me, that it might, perhaps, be some little advantage to me in my distress; but, alas! after all the incredible pains I have taken, I cannot get a purchaser for it.”

“ If you will entrust me with it, madam, (said Mr. Allen) I will endeavor to dispose of it for you. A woman is often imposed on in these matters.”

The poor woman thankfully put the manuscript into Mr. Allen's hands.

“ Depend, madam, on my utmost zeal to serve you, (said he.) I will return in a very short time.”

Saying which, he put the manuscript into his pocket and immediately departed: highly satisfied, that he now had an opportunity of serving a woman of such exalted merit, without hurting her delicacy. And she, on her part, looked on him as an angel sent from heaven to afford her relief, in her pressing necessity.

(To be continued.)

A MASTERLY

CHARACTER OF LORD CHATHAM.

THE Secretary stood alone. Modern degeneracy had not reached him. Original and unaccommodating, the features of his mind had the hardihood of antiquity. His august mind over-awed majesty, and one of his so-

vereigns thought royalty so impaired in his presence, that he conspired to remove him, in order to be relieved from his superiority. No state chicanery, no narrow system of vicious politics, no idle contests for ministerial victories, sunk him to the vulgar level of the great; but overbearing, persuasive, and impracticable, his object was England, his ambition was fame. Without dividing he destroyed party; without corrupting, he made a venal age unanimous. France sunk beneath him. With one hand he smote the house of Bourbon, and wielded in the other the democracy of England. The flight of his mind was infinite: and his schemes were to effect, not England, not the present age only, but Europe and posterity. Wonderful were the means by which these schemes were accomplished, always seasonable, always adequate; the suggestions of an understanding animated by ardour, and enlightened by prophecy.

The ordinary feelings, which make life amiable and indolent, were unknown to him. No domestic difficulties, no domestic weakness reached him; but, aloof from the forced occurrences of life, and unsullied by its intercourse, he came occasionally into our system, to council and to decide.

A character so exalted, so strenuous, so various, so authoritative, astonished a corrupt age, and the treasury trembled at the name of Pitt through all her classes of venality. Corruption imagined, indeed, that she had found defects in this statesman, and talked much of the inconsistency of his glory, and much of the ruin of his victories; but the history of his country, and the calamities of the enemy, answered and refuted her.

Nor were his political abilities his only talents: his eloquence was an æra in the senate, peculiar and spontaneous, familiarly expressing gigantic sentiments and instinctive wisdom; not like the torrent of Demosthenes, or the splendid conflagration of Tully, it resembled sometimes the thunder, and sometimes the music of the spheres. Like Murray, he did not conduct the

understanding through the painful subtilty of argumentation ; nor was he, like Townshend, forever on the rack of exertion ; but rather lightened upon the subject, and reached the point by the flashings of the mind, which, like those of his eye, were felt, but could not be followed.

Upon the whole, there was in this man a something that could create, subvert, or reform ; an understanding, a spirit, and an eloquence to summon mankind to society, or to break the bonds of slavery asunder, and to rule the wilderness of free minds with unbounded authority ; something that could establish or overwhelm empire, and strike a blow in the world that should resound through the universe.

THE EXPERIENCED MAN'S ADVICE TO HIS SON.

ON DRINKING.

HOWEVER injurious this species of excess may be to the body, or the purse, it is not so criminal, in many respects, as that of living only to be a thoroughfare for *wine* and *strong drink*. For he that places his supreme delight in a tavern, and is uneasy till he has drank away his senses, renders himself soon unfit for every thing else : Frolic at night is followed with pain and sickness in the morning ; and then, what was before the poison, is administered as the cure ; so that a whole life is often wasted in this expensive phrenzy ; poverty itself only cutting off the means, not the inclination ; and a merry night being still esteemed worth living for, though fortune, friends, and even health itself, have deserted us, nay though we are never seen but with contempt and disgrace, and to warn others from the vices that have been our undoing.—When you are most inclined to stay another bottle, be sure to go. That is the most certain indication which can be given, that you have drank enough. The moment after, your reason, like a false friend, will desert you,

when you most need its assistance ; you will be ripe for every mischief and more apt to resent than follow any good council that might preserve you from it.

DRESS.

There is likewise an intemperance in *dress* ; which, though not so blameable or dangerous as others, is nevertheless worth your care to avoid. Pretenders, frequenters of public places of resort, and those who would dazzle the ladies, first adopt the fashion ; and from them, though with tenfold absurdity, it has spread thro' almost every class and description of people. Dress is, at best, but a female privilege ; and, in men, argues both levity of mind, and effeminacy of manners. But, in a citizen, an affection of this kind can never be pardoned. In him it is a vice as well as a folly, as opening a door to extravagance, which never fails to be attended with ruin : and the prudent never care to deal with a man who must injure either them or himself. —Wherever there is a woman in a family, there is a natural issue for all the expence that can be spared on that article ; and that poor wretch must have a miserable head, who would inflame his wife's follies by his own. In short, to lay out money in fine clothes, may be justified in fortune-hunters, because it is their stock in trade, but in no-body else ; the wall in the street, or some little deference where you are *not known*, being all the advantages attending it ; and where you *are*, absurd finery is no more regarded, than a mean paltroun in the robes of a prince. It is therefore wisdom to wear such apparel as suits your condition ; not sordid and beggarly, or foppish and conceited ; agreeable to what the poet puts in the father's mouth, speaking to the son, of his habit, which he advises to be *rich, not gaudy, or expressed in fancy*.

GOVERNMENT OF THE TONGUE.

The art or virtue of holding your tongue, is the next topic I shall lay before you ; both a rare and excellent quality ; and what contributes greatly to our ease and

prosperity. In general, therefore, remember it is as dangerous to fall in love with one's own voice, as one's own face. Those who talk much, cannot always talk well, and may much oftener incur censure than praise; few people care to be eclipsed; and a superiority of sense is as ill-brooked as a superiority of beauty or fortune. If you are wise, therefore, talk little, but hear much; what you are to learn of yourself, must be by thinking; and from others, by speech; let them find tongue then, and you ears; by which means, such as are pleased with themselves, which are the gross of mankind, will likewise be pleased with you, and you will be doubly paid for your attention, both in affection and knowledge.

TALKING OF ONE'S SELF.

When people talk of themselves, lend both ears; it is the surest way to learn mankind; for let men be ever so much on their guard, it will be a wonder if some such escape is not made, as is a sufficient clue to the whole character. I need not observe to you, that, for the very same reason, you are never to make yourself the subject of your own conversation. Though I hope you will have no vices to conceal, all men have infirmities; and, next to the rooting them out, which is perhaps impossible, is the concealing them.

ILL-NATURED JESTS.

If it is dangerous to speak of ourselves, it is much more so to take *freedoms* with other people. A jest may tickle many; but the resentment that follows it may do you more injury, than the reputation service.

MISAPPLICATION OF WORDS.

A person giving an account of an entertainment, to which he had been invited, said, that "the dinner was *desperate* well cooked, the wine was *terrible* good, Mr. ——— was *dreadful* polite, and his daughters were *oruel* pretty, and *abominable* fine.

AGRICULTURE.

AGRICULTURE is the most ancient and important of all arts. If the earth produced not, where were the materials for manufactures—where were the objects of commerce; where the wealth of nations? In short it stands at the bottom of all; it supports the whole fabric of use, convenience and luxury. Of this all are convinced, without any argumentation. He, therefore, who points out to the industrious farmer a method to make two spires of grass or kernals of grain, grow in the room of one, is doubly a benefactor to his country, if laying a foundation for the increase of her wealth can make him such.

GREAT care should be taken, in the spring of the year, to shut up fences and prevent horses and every kind of cattle from running over grass lands. Grass, at its first springing up, has no degree of hardiness; it is too tender and delicate to sustain injury. The bite of cattle, while it is in this state, opens its bleeding pores, and, as it were, poisons it and prevents its future growth.—Moreover, the tread of the cattle's feet so wounds and mangles the roots of tender grass, as to disable them from sending forth and nourishing their blades. The gnawing of horses upon tender spring grass is more pernicious than that of neat cattle, as they bite closer, and, while the ground is soft, often take up a part of the root with the blade.

Early spring grazing has also this pernicious effect, that it lays the ground bare and exposes it to the rays of the sun, so that, in case of an early drought, the surface of the earth is hardened and the roots of the grass become scorched; which not only prevents the next ensuing crop, but injures the soil for years to come. Farmers often do not consider how much they lose by a few days neglect of their fences in the spring. They had better pay double or even treble price for seasonable fencing than to let their fences lie down and the cattle graze their lands.

ANY time in the month of March is a proper season to prune your trees ; mind nothing about the moon, for she concerns herself little about you or your trees, and the sign is always in the right place when it makes you industrious. There is no part of a farm which yields so great profit with so little labor, as the well cultivated orchard.

Young trees require to be pruned every year as much as the old. You should never suffer a sucker to remain near the root, from one year to another, nor by any means upon the body or trunk, which you do not intend shall be permanent.

In pruning old trees, and those which have gotten their growth, observe the following rule :

Cut away no limb near the trunk, nor indeed at any distance from it, which is too large at the place of incision to heal or to close over again ; this may be determined by the thriftiness of the tree, as well as by the size. If by neglect you have suffered a limb to stand, till it has attained this growth, it must stand, otherwise by extirpating it you give the tree its death wound, by opening an avenue to the air and water, which induce rottenness, and in course of time the limb or trunk becomes hollow frequently to the roots.

For this reason no sprout should be suffered to remain on or near the body of the sapling, which is not designed shall stand when it has attained its full growth. The long life of different orchards, soil and situation being equal will depend more on the above management than on any other circumstance.

In trimming an orchard, great patience and industry are required, which will be amply rewarded at the harvest. You must not only remove all the dead and dry branches, but extricate every unnecessary twig and succour from each branch, to its very extremity.

The more of this labor that is performed, if performed with judgment, the more thrifty will the tree become, and the fruit will not only be increased in quantity, but much improved in quality.

When the tops of the branches of your apple trees begin to die (which will be much retarded by the above treatment) they ought immediately to be regenerated, by giving what is called a new top: This is done by cutting off a few feet of their extremities, over the whole tree, so as to have it in a proper form; if the trunk is yet tolerably sound, the new branches will grow thriftily, and bear luxuriantly, and if you wish to vary your fruit, the sprouts, after one year's growth, and most frequently the same year, will be fit for inoculating, which succeeds equally well in the old as in the young trees, and with which every farmer ought to be acquainted.

LAKE SUPERIOR.

THIS immense lake, or rather inland ocean, is said to be the largest body of fresh water in America, if not in the known world.

It approaches nearer the form of a square than any of the largest lakes on the continent, and has a coast of more than 1600 miles.—The greatest part of this coast however is bounded by mountainous and rocky land, and the lake itself lies upon a vast bed of rocks, which, at a certain season, from the limpid clearness of the water, may be seen at a great depth, huge, vast irregular; in some places exhibiting an appearance of having been hewn, inclining the spectator to believe, that large cities have been sunk by some convulsion of nature, of whose foundation these were the remains.—In the summer time, the water constituting the superficies of the lake, are tolerably warm, but if you take up to the depth of only a single fathom, it is equally cold with ice—the long continuance and extremities of the winter's cold prevailing on the temperature of the waters over the short and transient heat of the summer atmosphere.

Lake Superior is in extent about two hundred and ninety English miles from North to South, and about three hundred and fifty miles from East to West; the 48th degree of North latitude passing through the mid-

dle of the lake, and its westward extremity in 39 deg. 30 min. west longitude from the meridian of London.

This lake includes several fine islands, the undisturbed haunts of the native quadrupeds of the forest, secluded from other parts of America, by the vast extent of the lake, and far out of the view of all other land. These islands seem never to have been inhabited by men, a superstitious notion having prevailed among the Indian nations, that they are haunted by invisible powers, inimical to the race of man, avenging, with the utmost severity every attempt to penetrate these lonely forests.—One of the islands, (Royale) is at least 100 miles in length, and 45 in breadth—Maurepas is something less—both are covered with thick woods and inhabited by deer, foxes, rabbits, and a few other quadrupeds. How these came there, is a question not easily solved, unless we suppose, with some free philosophers, that the earth itself is alike productive of vegetable and animal life.—The water in the large extent of this lake is eighty or ninety fathoms deep, and in some places it is said to be unfathomable. The navigation is equally, if not more hazardous, than that of the Atlantic; the waves swelling to a vast height, in gales of wind, and at the same time so short, that it is difficult for a vessel to mount them—Fish abound here, particularly the sturgeon and trout, which grow to a size unknown in the most eastern parts of the United States. Many rivers empty into Lake Superior, of which two are very large on the N. E. and are partly discharged through St. Mary's straits into lake Huron, and partly through subterraneous passages.

Notwithstanding the pretended influence of the moon upon the waters of the great ocean, it has no such influence on the waters of lake Superior; which she surely would have to a sensible degree, if there were any truth in the Newtonian system of the tides.—There is a gradual swell, however, in the lake, which rises to about 3 feet 4 inches in seven years and a half, and in the same space of time falls gradually to its former level; nearly the same thing is observed of the Caspian Sea, in Asia.